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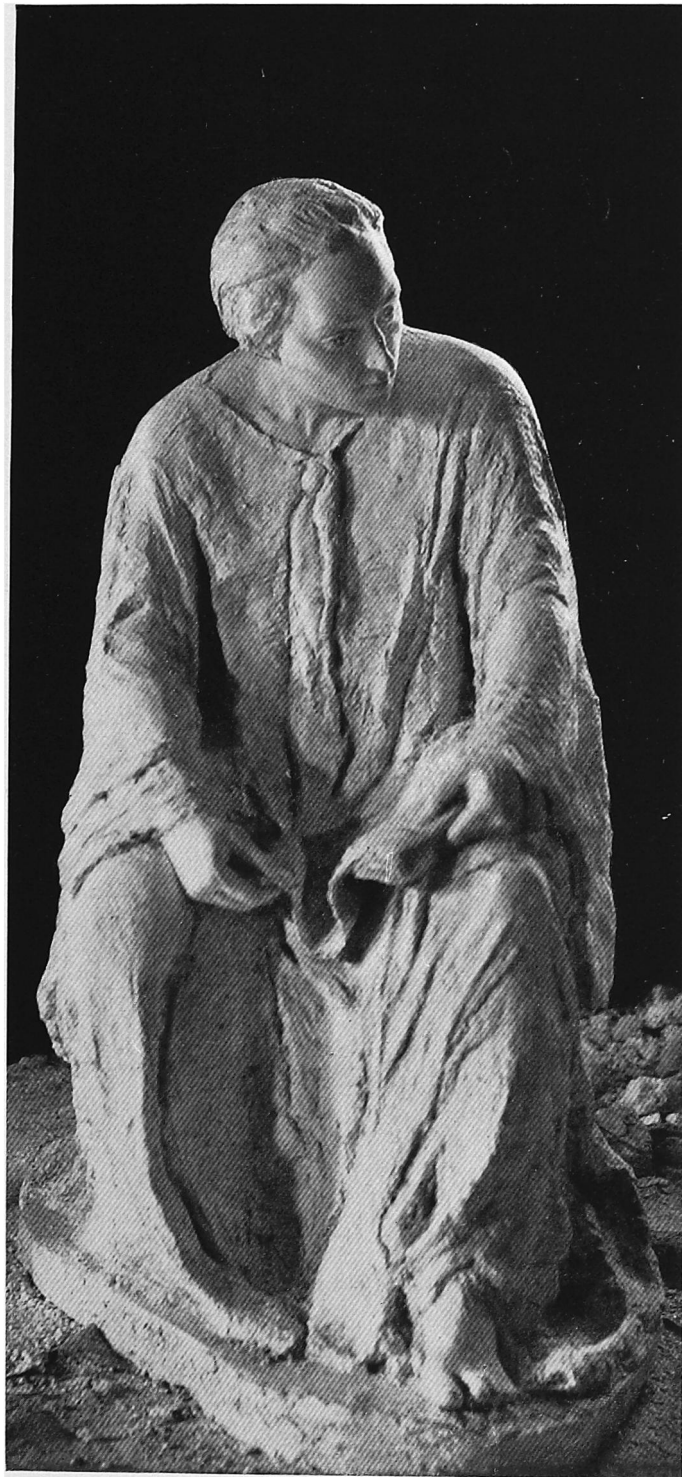
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ST. JOHN
By S. Cecilia Cotter



BRUSH AND PENCIL

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PHILADELPHIA WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION

The private viewing of the most recent aquarelle show on April 5th proved to be wholesome, interesting, and pregnant with many first-class interpolations.

The *tout ensemble*, embracing some three hundred and fifty numbers, would from the layman's standpoint be declared charming; from the artist's view, however, the measure of praise is identified with three adjectives—good, toneful, and interesting.

From an independent corner, it may be said that the collection proves on analysis to be a series of good qualities well expressed, and honest in execution, subjects and locations chosen, perhaps, with a desire to catch the public eye, and so adapted with the aid of a well-filled palette as to be synonymous with truthful, sober art, standing aloof from any drum-beating or snapshot smokeless explosions. It takes up rather the attitude of the well-read traveler, who disdains the use

of an atlas to point out in his extended line of geographical argument the topography of a country. He indicates it with a wave of the hand, and warms up with enthusiasm as to the pleasant or noxious characteristic of that pre-empted location.

The main gallery, in order to give space to the many exhibits, has been divided into three rooms, wherein you may view the pictorial



SEAFARERS

By John Wesley Little



SURF AT CUSHING'S ISLAND
By George Howell Gay

construction, well bolstered or cemented, and it please ye better, as—I am choosing them indiscriminately—Thomas B. Craig, Harry Eaton, Thomas and Peter Moran, Carlton T. Chapman, Melbourne Hardwick, Walter T. Palmer, C. Morgan McIlhenny, C. Myles Collier, J. G. Brown,

F. K. M. Rehn, Childe Hassam, H. Bolton-Jones, Stephen J. Ferris, F. Ballard Williams, W. Granville Smith, James B. Sword, Carl Weber, Frank English, and I raise my hat in deference to the two opalescent contributions of Mrs. J. Francis Murphy.

No. 295, "Coming from the Spring," is a softly modulated hymn of praise, with a musical rhythm, low in cadence, sweet in expression; a fit companion to "A Frosty Morning," wherein the silent hills beyond stand but as sentinels to bar the incursion of Jack Frost upon the suggested ravine and chirping rill of water trickling in the foreground mist. Simple, unaffected, low in key, it stands as a symphony of gray with a slight indication of a silver fume in the cloud-land beyond.

Sturdy, direct, with a full and vigorous harmony, "The Oak," by F. Ballard Williams, has been accorded a position of honor—the main center of the main gallery. The virile handling of mass and line, the low-tone treatment of even the upper notes, and the fulsome, luminous sky will set the juniors wondering, and smaller patrons wild with envy.



THE OAK
By Fred B. Williams

An inspection of the two cattle pieces, "Cattle on the Shore," by Thomas Craig, and "The Woodland Pool," by Peter Moran, notwithstanding its execrable placing, leaves the palm of favor decidedly in the hands of the latter. Both in drawing and handling of the color, motion and anatomy, Moran has exerted himself to an attainment with a very enviable result. The "Two Friends," calves though they be, is a nice adjustment of light and shade, with a strong indication of good drawing and a subtle handling of the medium vehicles of color.

The illustrator's art is identified in the forcible expressions of black-and-white at the hands of George Gibbs, to wit: "A Flogging in the British Navy," "Captain Hull on the Constitution," and "A Surprise in the Cabin."

Among the landscapists there looms up the soft, marshy foregrounds and woodlands of Henry Farner, "When Autumn Woods are Waning," "The Twilight's Thoughtful Hour," and "Sunset"; and near by in direct contradistinction is the pristine green of Harry Eaton's "Pond," that little bend or elbow of the stream that gave him the gold medal at the last fall exhibition. Challenging, however, those who would dare to insinuate his inability to paint in other than this virginal green, turn, and you will find on the screen opposite a nice composition bearing the legend, "Russet and Brown." It is among these that one finds the special degrees of generalization.

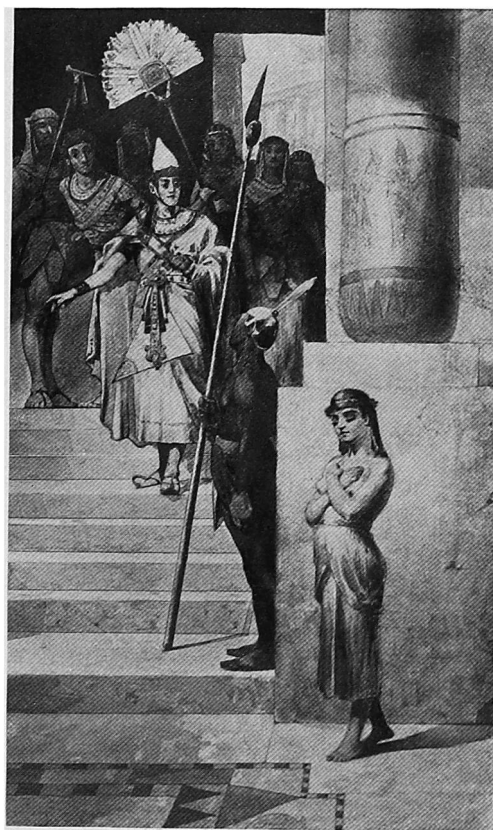
Speaking of snow reminds one that Walter Palmer's array is in bad company. His three contributions are wedged in between others



STUDY OF A FRENCH PEASANT
By Clara D. Davidson

bearing deeper and more somber tones, consequently making them appear thin and scarce up to the standard of his past efforts.

In figure-work the head and shoulders of a "Clytie," by A. M. Turner, is a highly commendable piece of work, both in the lines of anatomy and of coloring, the only point of condemnation being the injudicious framing and the absence of a mat. This is a source of real regret, since the treatment of the subject affords the utmost satisfaction and wins loud praise from many of the gray-beards. Companions on the right, "Katherine," a pastel by E. Plaisted Abbot, and "The Witch," by Paul Jones, are worthy of more than passing notice.



THE BEGGAR MAID
By H. T. Cariss

From Leon Moran, three parts in essence pretty, might as usual be bestowed on 310 and 314, depicting the lady and gentleman of the eighteenth century. A new departure is acceptable. The use of the French gray paper condones the measures of the brighter tints.

Apropos, however, sturdy Thomas Moran is a near neighbor with his "Morning in Arizona" and "The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming," and I think me there is no better ex-

ponent of God's own architecture. From the base to the pinnacle the volcanic upheaval and descendant stand in sullenness and pride, dignified and morose, yielding nothing but a diversified quality and quantity, unintelligible, unconquered, but brought nearer home by Mr. Moran than by any other artist throughout the length and breadth of the land.

To Alexander Schilling the Art Club gold medal, for "Upland Fields," has been awarded by the committee, composed of George Gibbs, chairman; Dr. Charles W. Kessler, David Wilson Jordan,



BAY OF FUNDY
By Edward Moran



Joseph S. Kennard, and Charles F. Ziegler. But why? Does any one know? In solemn truth it is but a 16 by 20, showing a dull rising upland and a flat leaden sky, bereft of art or elegance. "The Oak," by Williams, or Anshutz's well-modeled pastel of Dr. Davis, bearing the legend of "The Cello Player," would but too

surely have given better satisfaction, since this latter is a sterling bit of work vigorously drawn, suggestive of action, nice in poise or balance, and well attuned.

J. B. Sword, following in the line of his success of 1897, again exhibits a vessel bearing down in the "Morning Mists." In this he displays his forte in the depth and liquid qualities of the water. A radical departure may be witnessed in "The End of the Holidays," a pleasing composition, excellent in tone, portraying a street swept by a blizzard against which man and beast struggle with every sense

of aggressive action. "Prisoners to the Rear" is an excellent composition by R. F. Zogbaum, carrying our thoughts back to 1862-63 when the tide of battle score and victory was turning in favor of the North.

For exquisite transparent chrome effect in water and sky, a small contribution by F. K. M. Rehn, catalogued as "Morning on the



CATTLE ON THE SHORE
By Thomas B. Craig



WINTER ALONG EAST RIVER
By Carlton T. Chapman

New Jersey Coast," is without a rival among the marines. As an evidence of its general favor *ipso facto*, it found a purchaser before the smoker was half-way through, and left two very disappointed aspirants for its possession. Yet this little poetical expression is but 14 by 18, a newly born sun rising in a flood of golden sheen tinging the incoming waves as they roll on a gold sun-riched beach.

It is but a resurgam, and I shall hail with delight when Melbourne H. Hardwick seeks a new land and other men and women. "The North Sea" is threadbare, and one becomes very tired of looking upon that same old brown-sailed lugger and those self-same fishermen and women, honest though they be.

J. L. Gerome Ferris is identified with an ambitious Moorish figure of a girl with a soft-coated gazelle as her companion; a fine color scheme, with a background of nicely executed detail of Moorish architecture. H. T. Cariss, listed with three, is seen at his best in "Down by the Old Spring House," an old-fashioned song, but well sung.

Fred Pitts, Louis F. Faber, Frank English, Carl Weber, Harrington Fitzgerald, Franz Lesshafft, E. Taylor Snow, all deserve mention for the splendid efforts made.

To Miss Evelyn Heysinger, as an earnest of her endeavor, I trust to see more of her work. "Walnut Street Theater on a Rainy Night" is well and aptly expressed. Laura E. Snow's "Sandy Run Meadows, N. J.," shows marked ability and good perceptive qualities; and "Summer," by Marianna Sloan, is a subject one might always live with.

"The Arrival of a Liner," by E. M. Bicknell, is big, broad, and full of motion. The big bows loom up in tow of two perky little tug-boats, and one awaits the shrill whistle to give the finishing touch to a scene realistic. "A Group of the Queen's Royal Stag-Hounds," by R. H. Poore, while acceptable as a good piece of work, is unfortunately lacking the sense of originality. Nevertheless it finds a resting-place and a home in the precincts of the club.

W. P. LOCKINGTON.



RECENT WORK OF ILLUSTRATORS—JOSEPH PENNELL

Joseph Pennell needs no introduction to the American public. His illustrations, strongly individual and beautifully executed, have long been regarded as among the finest specimens of this particular form of art. His book work, however, is not as widely known as that which he has done for the magazines, and the following examples will therefore be acceptable to the reader: